

The World Will Never Know

by theatrics

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Summary: She hated every aspect of how she moved, how she acted, what she did, who she associated with | and yet, it was that one look that held her captive. AmberPenny. Hints of SeaweedPenny. Twoshot.

1. The Right Kind of Wrong

****Kelsey Rose****: Yeeesss. This is a mixture of the musical and the 2007 movie musical. I kept some of the aspects from both, as you'll probably notice. Before anyone has a cow: yes, in the musical, Penny has red hair and chews gum instead of eating lollipops. :) I liked her better in that; thus, here you go! If anything else confuses those who've only seen the movie, it's probably just a musical aspect. I hope you enjoy it!

****Disclaimer****: Hairspray isn't mine. Boohoo.

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>It was just another day on The Corny Collins Show, with there honestly being nothing special about it. The Council members were all present (black, white: it didn't matter, for the show had been integrated almost a month ago now), and were gathered for their common cause of presenting the dance of the day, or week, and, of course, dishing out their regular performances. Nothing, on an outward surveillance, was different. It was the same, exact experience of almost every other day of being here. The schedule was, simply put: arrive, perform, break, perform, break, perform, sign off, gather belongings, and go home to rest up for yet another, agonizingly identical day.

Boredom wasn't the proper word for it. That didn't offer nearly enough justification. No, in fact, the more appropriate term seemed to linger around the word duty or perhaps a coupled phrase such as pleasant requirement. All the same, if there were one person who milked her fame from this show for all that it was worth, it had to

be the young and ever-so haughty, Amber von Tussle. This was practically a chore to her, a place where she could grace so-called commoners with her presence while 'dazzling' them with her pretty smile and shameless talent. Little rhyme or reason was enforced when it came down to why she continued to force herself to do this even after she had finally lost her claim to Miss Teenage Hairspray. Truthfully, Amber couldn't have even clarified that herself. She had, more or less, assumed it to be a very minor blemish on her otherwise perfect, albeit superficial life. Soaring above it all, as she feigned triumph was her only option, especially now that her mother was no longer present to baby her most prized possession. This little bird was flying solo now.

But, even so, today _had _been different, and Amber herself had refused to even acknowledge it, for the most part. With the presence of Tracy Turnblad and her African American friends on the soundstage, she had become painfully aware of a frequent tagalong. That dorky, redheaded friend of hers and supposed girlfriend of one of Motormouth's kids (Amber hadn't even bothered to keep up with how many that woman had, as it had never seemed important to her in the slightest) had made quite a few appearances to support her friends. Her being there was hardly significant, and typically annoyed the life out of Amber when she thought about it. The way that she would always smile, those looks that circled between her and that dark-skinned boyfriend of hers, her fascination with gum-chewing, her evocatively pale eyes, those ratty things that she called clothes--it made Amber's blood boil.

She hated her, even while hate seemed illogical for a pair that didn't even suitably know one another. Amber could still remember on all those walks with Link down the hallway, when the two of them would imitate something that appeared to be affection, how she would, from time to time, catch sight of the Pingleton girl on the arm of Tracy or Seaweed, or, on rare occasion, alone. Maybe it was how she delicately handled each and every situation with care, or that tender smile she always portrayed when someone clearly above her social status walked by and gave her a dirty look, but Amber _could not_ stand her. Her goofy poise was enough to make her retch; _and she didn't even know why_, for it was a fair assumption that the two of them had barely even said more than ten words to one another.

That girl was so imperfect, so disgustingly bland and unfortunate. Her status had only lowered in the public's eyes when she began dating that colored boy. Rumors flew frantically around their school, but Amber found that she herself only spoke about it when among a few select Councilettes. Otherwise, the subject infuriated her. Amber, a girl who inwardly had no issues whatsoever with people of color, was _infuriated_. Logic had flown in one ear and out the other whenever she had tried to reason why; everything was suddenly way over her head. She was slipping beneath the surface and losing all control of the situation, and _that_, and only that, was what lead her to the conclusion of hatred. Amber von Tussle could never lose control, especially to another _girl_. That was simply and utterly ridiculous, and something that she would not let happen.

Commercials breaks came and went, but concentration had long since awarded Amber with the brand of incapability. When she wasn't scowling or whining to some other Council member about how they had stepped on her foot, screwed up her dance moves, caused her to go off-key, or looked at her the wrong way, then she was glaring

viciously at the gushing redhead who, each time she saw her, was either flirtatiously chatting up her boyfriend or giggling to Tracy about something unknown to her. It was then that the blonde knew she had a serious problem on her hands. She could already feel the loss of power, that dripping sensation of it slipping straight through her fingertips. Her eyes unconsciously narrowed.

"_Amber_."

She couldn't force herself to look away. It was only when she felt a swift and abrupt thump against her shoulder that she turned to her newfound shadow. Her eyebrows wrinkled against her forehead.

"What do you want?" She barked, vaguely realizing the arrival of one of her on-and-off sidekicks, Shelley. The other girl decided not to take offense, if only because this wasn't exactly the first, or last, time that this had or would happen.

"What's your deal today?" The russet-haired girl's face lacked any sort of nameable expression as she pursued her inquiry. Shelley was, and always had been, an enigma, one that Amber hadn't even bothered to even begin to understand.

"What are you talking about?" The blonde stared at her as though she had sprouted an extra head. Where her gaze went was really none of this girl's business, and Amber made a point to show her that with each scathing blink of her eyes.

"You've been staring at that girl," Shelley rethought the sentence, glanced in Penny Pingleton's direction, and then looked up to Amber once more. "Tracy Turnblad's friend, or whatever, ever since we got here. What's up with you?"

Amber had to keep herself from cringing again, out of disgust or of what, she was uncertain. She didn't quite know how to respond, and that irritated her to the ends of the earth. After all, she was a Von Tussle, therefore ensuring her a grade A performance in the art of communication. To be at a loss for words was frightening to her, and only added on to the list of reasons she had been silently constructing for why she loathed that redheaded harlot's very existence.

"She's disgusting, Shelley," She larked suddenly, her voice rising in pitch as she forced one of her malicious giggles. "Just look at her!" Amber knew that anymore laughter for dramatic effect would just worsen her friend's suspicion, so she just kept her performance at a single, manipulative smirk. Shelley just soaked it all in with a similar look of spiteful delight.

"Don't I know it," She scoffed lowly, a snickering 'humph' escaping her lips. Amber saw this as her chance to take the conversation by the horns and just go for it.

"I can't believe her, thinking that she can come along to watch her Negro boyfriend and fatty best friend like that," She began, her voice lowering significantly, which brought Shelley closer to her to better listen. "She should just go home and wait around 'til it's time for her to be his whore again." The second-to-last last word brought a gasping round of giggles from the pair of them, but mainly Amber. "Am I right, or am I right?" Amber balanced the back of her

right hand against the appropriate hip, and then sighed heavily as her ego clutched ferociously onto her newly acquired success. See? She knew she could do it. The balance of control and charm had been doubly rewarded to her yet again.

In spite of this, at that very moment, Shelley's response had gone completely unnoticed. For, in a flash of the heated state of affairs, that same girl whom both of them had just verbally slaughtered, turned and unintentionally established eye contact with Amber. Both of them had paused, and for a few, precious seconds, Amber actually feared that her jaw had dropped open slightly in shock. The suggestion of reddened cheeks on Penny's behalf only amplified Amber's worry of lost composure; as a result, she quickly averted her eyes to the floor.

Her heartbeat had quickened tenfold, and from the metallic taste in her mouth, she knew that her teeth had clamped on to the inside of her lower lip a bit harder than she had initially intended. She felt the need to choke, writhe in disgust in the corner, go and tribally launch herself at that stupid girl for doing this to her. Or, of course, just all of the above. The breath had been hitched in her throat, and she was aggravated by the concept of having to force herself to part her lips somewhat to draw in a few, good breaths in order to gain the color back in her now pale cheeks.

Hazy awareness wasn't the only thing that hit her when she pushed herself to glance back at a rambling Shelley. Her set and usual, angry pout was immediately and purposefully glued to her face.

"And she actually went for it!" Shelley had concluded, a patronizing sneer twining with her features. Amber's focus had dipped dramatically, and there was nothing to be done about it. "Anyway, hon, I'll leave you to do" She stared at her oddly. "do whatever it is you're doing." Shelley rolled her eyes, took one last look at Amber, and then excused herself to more gossip. Amber and she weren't exactly 'friends,' but when your occupation was being a thorn in the entire population's side, you had to be coupled with someone who shared the same morals and aspirations.

As soon as she was gone, Amber turned her back to the others and stared blankly at the floor. What had just happened? Her heart and stomach both lurched at once, and she had to quickly steal a few steps forward and then casually drape her arms across her chest before she gave in to the idea of losing her breakfast or succumbed to the notion of having some sort of heart attack right on the edge of the soundstage.

Hatred brimmed in the corners of her eyes as she fought back the thought of ripping morality to shreds. Words wouldn't even begin to illustrate how much she absolutely despised this girl right now. How she so carelessly and, in Amber's mind, intentionally stole her control and composure from her really grinded her gears and set the fire in her eyes aflame. She had no right, no right, to do this to her. Amber was better than her, and she knew it. She knew it so well that she would have no problem on the face of the earth ruining what was left of that whore's high school career. With all the connections that this blonde had, it was damn possible, and she would sleep soundly at night even after doing so.

But, something still violently tugged at her. It tugged, and tugged,

and eventually Amber felt as though her throat could close at any moment, and that would be it. Something about that dimmed look in the Pingleton girl's eyes, a hidden sort of sentiment that few or no one knew about her, forced the image to stay in Amber's mind. It was enough to make her scream at the top of her lungs in anger, frustration, and confusion.

She hated every aspect of how she moved, how she acted, what she did, who she associated withâ€¦ and yet, it was that one look that held her captive. It reared a completely different part of her personality that she was not about to submit to.

You hate her, Amber recited to herself over and over again as a glare fastened onto her appearance. She turned about on her heels and found Penny's eyes wandering the studio pointlessly.

Quietly, and with a look of pure repugnance on her face, Amber watched as she blew a bubble with her gum and waved goodbye to Tracy, Link, and Seaweed. While that was a generous enough sign to Amber that they were close to going on air again, she stayed where she was, as if anticipating something that she herself didn't fully understand.

Standing there with her eyebrows weaved precisely, the corners of her lips turned downward, her nose scrunched up, and her forehead creased rather unattractively, she knew that she must look absolutely unappealing. And, for once, she didn't care. For, as she took another few steps towards where she would soon join her fellow Council members on the soundstage to perform once more before they signed off for the day, she caught another one of that nauseating redhead's stares. It was then that she knew that she was condemning herself to a world that she had no desire to be apart of at all; and she suddenly felt a rush of sickness come upon her.

It was repulsive how she knew that she could supposedly despise someone so much, and yet still, at the same time, find them to be so hauntingly beautiful.

It made her all the more disgusted with herself and, more appropriately, with her.

2. I Shouldn't Wanna Spend My Time With You

****Kelsey Rose****: If you didn't notice, I made this into a threeshot story. Why? Wellâ€¦ let's just say that I'm having a little too much fun with these two. Hehehe.

****Disclaimer****: Hairspray still isn't mine. Go figure.

* * *

>For once in her life, almost everything was where it needed to be. Sure, there were a few kinks that needed to be pinched out of the mix, but, for the most part, she was incredibly content at where she was currently. Her best friend was thriving with her longtime-crush-turned-beau by her side, while she herself had one of the most affectionate and caring boyfriends that she could have ever dreamed of. Even now, with every look that he gave her, whether of masked seduction or of silent encouragement, she still felt those

click! butterflies fluttering violently in the pit of her stomach; and she was stuck on every last minute of it. <p>Seaweed had been more than just a friend, or a boyfriend. He had been an enormous amount of support for her, a shoulder to cry on, a shelter to seek out, and, as Penny had found come to find out after one maddening night with her mother, a passionate lover, as well. All in all, he knew precisely how to treat a girl—a woman—like she was his own, personal princess. There was absolutely no diagnosis for the condition of how far gone she was.

So, it was really no surprise that she would visit Tracy, Seaweed, and Link at the studio whenever she could. She had been a good number of times, but, as one may have suspected, going to see them every day just did not happen. When her mother wasn't punishing her, or her excuse to be let out of school early fell through the roof, she was forced to sit back and take the grief that came with her absence at the TV station. It wasn't easy sometimes, particularly when Prudy was involved, when all she wanted was to feel that exquisite rush of emotions that came with Seaweed's arms being draped snugly around her, that being her own special piece of heaven.

It was like clockwork now, as unfortunate as that was. She would have a verbal or, on worse days, physical brawl with her mother, and then she would go to Seaweed, her poise and self-control through the floor. He would hold her, tell her that everything was fine, and, for that single moment with him, she could accept that answer. It was just that simple. Something about the energy that he supplied her, and the sensations that filled her from the top of her head to the tips of her toes just would not allow her to be too down for absurd ranges of time when she was around him. He inspired a kind of ecstasy within her heart and soul that she couldn't place her finger on.

In spite of everything, luck had graced her on this day. Considering that it was summer vacation now, sneaking out of the house had become an increasingly simple task, what with her mother always engrossed in her reading, out in the yard, or out shopping for groceries, or doing who knows what. Tracy and the others could very easily get Penny in and out of the house with as much grace as any professionally trained spy troupe. And, regardless of how many scrapes and bruises that Penny had acquired on their several adventures to get there, she had found that this was the highlight of her week (minus the times she spent with Seaweed, or when she—rarely—slept over at Tracy's). It had become a pleasant escape from the sheltering, suffocating, on-and-off place she called home.

Similar to every time she had come here, she had said her hello's to both offhand and friendly Council Kids, regarded Mr. Collins and Ms. Maybelle (who now hosted the show alongside Corny), and hung out in the background, waiting for the commercials. Amazingly, she hadn't felt too uncomfortable there, standing by herself. The awkward feeling only set in when the stagehands or cameramen yelled, _"cut!" _or _"—and we're off!" _when she was still alone, waiting for her friends to come over and rejoin her. She was typically met with contemptuous stares or even subtle laughter, and that only intended more abuse for the bubblegum that was always in her mouth.

That dreadful sentiment of wanting to stick her head beneath the sand loitered in the depths of her heart, reminding her on many an occasion that she was only as good as she let herself be, and not what others regarded her as. Reassurance was only gifted when the

promising sight of her friends caught her attention. Then, all of those ill-intended glares and scornful whispers were only flies on the wall, still there, but virtually out of sight and out of mind.

"You guys were great!" Penny clasped her hands together happily, while her face revealed a distinct look of bliss. Tracy, Link, and Seaweed smiled in each of their signature ways, and then joined the lone teenager appreciatively. Seaweed, however, immediately went to stand behind her, his arms wrapping tenderly around her waist.

"Only 'cause we got such'a good audience," He grinned while Penny fashioned a coy smile on her face. Tracy could only giggle as she leaned into Link, his arm resting comfortably around her shoulders.

"You know you don't have to stand up the whole time, right, Penny?" Tracy tossed the idea out randomly, causing the redhead to squint curiously as if to signify a playful, "'Yeah, and what's your point?'" Her bigger friend instantly relented with a pair of tossed-up, joking hands. "Just saying."

"I like to be as close to you guys as I can," She responded matter-of-factly, as she cunningly tilted her head up to peer at a still-grinning Seaweed, who then tactfully stole a kiss from her lips. Although, before she could even begin to enjoy the affections tossed her way, something most unlike her usual way of things rendered her concentration hostage: Penny had actually taken a profound notice to the feeling of eyes on her. After forcing a shrewd giggle, she set her gaze straight. Tracy had begun to talk about something or another, but she could not get herself to focus. It was when Seaweed's arms drew back, and when Tracy called her by name that she fell off of her almost numbing high of confusion.

"We'd better go speak to Motormouth about that number," Tracy had told Link and Seaweed, both of whom nodded in agreement. "Penny, we'll see you in a few minutes, after the wrap-up." She smiled and reached out to squeeze her friend's hand. Penny took a deep breath and smiled. "Same place?" Tracy spoke vaguely of where Penny would always wait for them near the stage door, and Penny, like each time before, nodded.

"Of course."

"Good!" She said at last, nodding to Link, as the couple began to hurry along to where Corny and Maybelle were talking cozily. Seaweed stayed behind for one, quick, extra moment just to place a bittersweet goodbye kiss on Penny's lips.

"See ya soon, baby girl." He winked at her, and she automatically found that her cheeks began to ache from the smile she was producing.

"I'll be waiting," She replied simply, as he began to walk away to where Tracy and Link had gone, a very small taste of harmless seduction in her voice. Once he had left, she instantly began her desperate search for those prying eyes, the ones that seemed to stare straight through her, even though she knew not of the owner.

It was a deafening feeling, really, especially when someone such as

Penny Pingleton suddenly found herself locking eyes with the iciest queen of them all, Amber Von Tussle. The skin on her face burned on impulse, and she was instantaneously lost. For the longest five seconds of her life, she let two foreign eyes stare into the pits of her soul, uncertain of how or why she was abruptly feeling what she was now.

In that one look, that quickly melted into unannounced embarrassment, she had noticed something so startling about Amber, about someone whom she held little to no regard for. It wasn't even a 'something' that came with an exact being. It just was exactly what itâ€|_was_, Penny had decided, once the feeling in her legs returned.

For someone so unkind, she had the most alluring and poisonously soft eyes. They were almost aching, wary of something, and Penny felt herself quiver slightly at the mere fact that she could even notice a quality like that about someoneâ€|about another girl, of all people. She felt _completely _unethical (or was it unclear?), and yet, naturally intrigued, all the same.

Tracing her hand alongside one of her arms, she dug her fingernails into her skin, her eyelids threatening to clamp shut as she reminded herself just who she was dealing with here. This was Amber, the blonde who had striven to make hers and, more notably, Tracy's life miserable for the longest time. Her and her demonic friends had done and said nothing but slander against them, and even more so now that Amber had had Link ripped from her lethal claws.

In the face of what others may have thought or said, Penny Pingleton was never one to hold a grudge (in most circumstances). As a result, it wasn't really a shock to know that she had no interest in this acidic barrier between Amber and she. As chilly as she was on an every day basis, Penny had some major difficulties believing that that was the entirety of her character. No one could be that cold, conniving, unforgiving, whiny, self-indulgent, controlling, and close-mindedâ€|could they?

Penny began to chew on the inside of her mouth absentmindedly. On many an occasion, she had wanted to saunter over to Amber and attempt to strike up conversation; however, self-doubt and the obvious breach in the 'social ladder' had kept her ten steps backwards for most of her junior high and now high school occupation. She had to swallow her comments from a day to day standpoint, considering how brutal Amber got when surrounded by those other flaky girls of the Council. They were like dogs to her, a bunch of springtime poodles in heat with their tongues lolling out of their mouths for the latest scandal. The mental image of that had always brought a real smile to Penny's face as she cautiously suppressed a giggle. The very last thing she needed, or wanted, was more eyes on her. Unless, of courseâ€|

She promptly felt that prickling feeling in her cheeks, and then a flipping sensation in her abdomen, as she carelessly scuttled further away from the soundstage, where they were just wrapping everything up. Penny knew that she had to get away, that these thoughts she was having were probably just her mind jumbling about the letters and images, or her hormones playing tricks on her. Whatever it was, though, it definitely had her hot and bothered, for as she stood nearest the stage door, she began to gnaw almost painfully on her right hand's index finger's knuckle. A game with herself had begun as

she would watch it turn white, then fade, and then turn white again whenever she would chomp on it too hard for too long.

It went without saying that Penny didn't like the way she was feeling, nor the visions that littered every last physical perception of her body. They were as confusing as they were almost disgusting, if only for the simple fact that it was something to do with Amber, who, of all people, scarcely deserved anything she got, orâ€

Penny conceded and muffled an exasperated sigh with one of her hands.

She needed Seaweed. Her self-assurance was skidding to a nasty halt, and she needed him so badly that she had to, as nonchalantly as she could manage, lightly drape her arms around herself. He would know just what to do, how to make her better, how to rid her of whatever these fussy sensations were. They made her feel like the problem child that her mother had always told her she was, and she didn't like that at all.

No, waitâ€| Penny carried her expression in a sudden, lopsided manner. Why was she getting so frantically involved in something that was nothing? Heck, she thought about Tracy all the time! So, this was honestly just a huge load of trivial mess. Her shoulders fell in unspoken relief. She could settle down; she would have to.

But, even when she tried to, even when she challenged herself to close her eyes and block out everything to try and relax, a chilling image of piercing, blue eyes, velvety, blonde hair, and various pastels of rushing waves of soft material harassed and toyed with her consciousness, and she could only submit to the wrongs she assumed she was supposedly letting herself commit.

End
file.